



The Boast of the Western Isle.

Enamoured by Cupid of late,
Has charmed my fancy to stray,
In June, but mistaking the date,
Has fled like my senses away.
A beautiful harbour to view,
Some distance from yon shady grove,
The prospect so charming I knew,
When I thought on the mansions of Jove.

The hawthorns they were in bloom,
As ancient as the earth where they grew,
The sweet woodbine blossoms perfume,
Where the harmless woodcock doth coo.
The ivy embracing each bow,
All nature it seems to outvie,
The dairy-maid milking her cow,
Which yields a most wholesome supply.

The fields and the meadows appeared,
With cowslips and daisies over spread,
The clear crystal fountains were near,
By whispering rivulets fed.
Where the mill and the market in view,
And a place of devotion at hand,
Where the cornerake quail and cuckoo,

Sounds bass to the warbler's band.
The shepherd made the earth to resound,
With echoing rills from the roods,
The gardens and orchards all round
Were bending with exquisite fruits.
The lambs round their dams sport and play,
The plough cultivating the land,
The wind blew a sweet scent of hay,
Mowed down by the labourer's hand.

Here dwells a harmless maid,
Whose dignified praises I will sing,
Her beauty and elegant frame
Would charm the heart of a king.
From pride and ambition she is free,
Her words or her deeds have no guile,
All nature allows her to be
The boast of the Western Isle.

Find I do whose elegant frame
Was transparent by Jove,
And Dyrus, that beautiful dame,
Whose messengers ring round the globe.
Since Paris stole Helen away,
Whose Hector preserved for a while,
Old Annias could trace no such maid,
As the boast of the Western Isle.

Since Boreas was first known to breathe,
Or Luno give nocturnal light,
Or Sol, the bright ruler of day,
Had traced her away from his sight.
Since Adam in Eden was placed,
Or Eve animated to smile,
Were all but a statue of clay
To the boast of the Western Isle.